

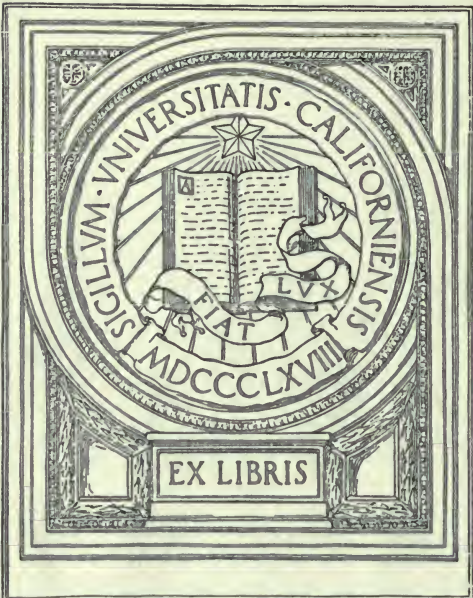
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THE
LADY OF THE LAKE:

A MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

IN THREE ACTS;

TAKEN FROM THE POPULAR POEM OF THAT TITLE,

AND NOW PERFORMING WITH UNDIMINISHED APPLAUSE,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

BY EDMUND JOHN EYRE,

FORMERLY OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; AND NOW OF THE
DRURY-LANE AND HAY-MARKET COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

“EX NOTO FICTUM CARMEN SEQUAR; UT SIBI QUIVIS

“SPERET IDEM.”

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. H. WYATT, PICKET STREET,
TEMPLE-BAR;

BY B. McMILLAN, BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1811.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

TO VIKU
AIRPORT

AT the request of Mr. Siddons, Manager and Patentee of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, the following Performance was composed. I am very sensible; that Mr. Scott's Poem of "*The Lady of the Lake*," afforded materials for a much superior Drama than the one here presented to the public; but as Mr. Siddons, in all his correspondence with me on the subject, urged expedition, I was more attentive to the interest of a Friend, than to the fame of an Author; and the whole piece was arranged, written, and copied, in the short space of ten days.

I can claim little merit beyond that of a compiler. Some few flowrets, indeed (or rather weeds, as the Critics may call them, at the foot of Parnassus), are of my own planting; but the praise of poetic ingenuity belongs solely to the Author from whence the scenes, characters, and sentiments have been borrowed. To quote the translated words of Montaigne, which have been appositely applied to similar compositions, I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers; and have brought little more of my own than the band which ties them.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Fitz-James	MR. SIDDONS.
Earl of Douglas	MR. ARCHER.
Allan-Bane	MR. SHAW.
Malcolm Græme	MR. THOMSON.
Brian	MR. HALLIWELL.
Murdoch	MR. W. MURRAY.
John of Brent	MR. TURPIN.
Bertram	MR. JONES.
Malise	MR. DUFF.
Roderick Dhu	MR. TERRY.

WOMEN.

Lady Ellen Douglas	MRS. H. SIDDONS.
Lady Margaret	MRS. M'NAMARA.
Blanche of Devan	MRS. YOUNG.

*Lords and Ladies of the Court—Clansmen—Squires
—Knights—Soldiers—Morris Dancers—Wrest-
lers—Archers, &c. &c.*

*The Overture, and the Vocal and Pantomimical
Music, partly composed, and partly selected, by
Mr. J. A. JONES.*

*The Scenery (Views from Nature), taken on the
spot, and painted by Mr. J. F. WILLIAMS.*

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and, respectively, the Board of Education.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

Act I.

SCENE I.

Loch-Katrine—several Islands, in perspective, scatter'd on the Lake, with distant Views of Ben-Venue and Ben-An.

As the Curtain rises, the distant sound of a Bugle is heard, which dies away in faint echoes. After some time, the sound is renew'd, and becomes stronger, till Fitz-James appears on the summit of a projecting Rock, and winds his Horn.

Fitz-James. Far distant in the chase have
 lagg'd behind
My trusty followers, and my fleetest hounds.
Ill fortune mark the hour, when, spent with toil,
Stumbled my gallant steed, and in the dell,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs upon the rugged earth.
Again the swelling bugle's notes I'll sound.

(He sounds his Horn—a pause—Music—expressive of listening attention).

Woe worth the chase! No kind response I hear

Fitz-James. Since to your home
 I was announc'd, by prophet, old, and sage,
 A destin'd Errant Knight, I'll court my fate—
 Have with you, sweet; an *angel* for my guide,
 I need not fear the harm of mortal foe!

*Ellen points to the Boat—Fitz-James assists
 her into it, then seats himself, and takes
 the Oar—Music accompanies the action
 till the Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

*The Bower—around the Walls are hung Battle-
 Axes, Targets, Broad Swords, Bows and Ar-
 rows, with the tatter'd remains of Pennons and
 Flags—the Hides of Boars, Wolves, Deer-
 skins, Hunting Spears, and several Trophies of
 the Fight and Chase.*

Enter LADY MARGARET and ALLAN-BANE.

Lady Marg. Wake, Allan-Bane, arouse thee
 from this mood,

And tune thy harp to victory's loudest strain!
 Pour forth the glory of Clan-Alpine's Chief,
 Record the prowess of Sir Roderick Dhu,
 The Saxon's scourge, my pride, my gallant son!

Allan-Bane. Vainly thou bid'st me wake the
 trembling lyre,

Vainly thou bid'st me touch the chords of joy!
 When I reflect upon my master's fate,
 The noble Douglas, exil'd from his home,
 And seeking with his daughter, Ellen, here,
 The refuge of an outlaw'd band, my tears
 Unloose the strings, wound up to harmony,
 And damp the inspiration of the bard.

Lady Marg. Some debts to Roderick's house
 are surely due,
 Which you forget—

Allan-Bane. No, Lady Margaret, no;
 All that a daughter could require, your care
 Bestow'd upon the Lady Ellen, and
 From your bold, valiant son, Clan-Alpine's pride,
 The banish'd Douglas found a safe retreat,
 To screen him from the ire of Scotland's King!

Lady Marg. Soon will Sir Roderick claim his
 daughter's hand,
 And bind our friendship stronger by that tie.

Allan-Bane. Alas, his haughty mien, and
 gloomy brow,
 Will never touch the Lady Ellen's heart,
 Whose vows are plighted to young Malcolm
 Græme. (*Aside.*)

CHORUS, *chanted at a Distance, till the Notes
 gradually become louder.*

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun;
 For at dawning to assail ye;
 Here no bugles sound reveille.

Allan-Bane. The stranger comes! my pro-
 phesy's fulfill'd!
 The choristers, obedient to my wish,
 Unseen, salute him with melodious song!

*The Door is thrown open, when Fitz-James,
 preceded by Ellen, enters the Bower. He
 bows to Lady Margaret and the Minstrel,
 and surveys every object with mute surprise,
 whilst is sung the following*

INVISIBLE CHORUS.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch is strewing;
 Fairy strains of music fall;
 Ev'ry sense in slumbers dewing.

Fitz-James. 'Tis sure enchantment all ! what-e'er I hear,

Whate'er I see, is wrapp'd in mystery !

Pray tell me, fair ones, are you of this earth,
Or else some—

Ellen. Witches ? you would ask. True, Sir,
Weird women we, who sometime ride the blast,
To cast our spells on wand'ring Knights like you ;
Whilst viewless minstrels, to our charmed rhymes,
Strike with ærial fingers golden harps !

(*Curtsies, and goes out*).

Lady Marg. Youth, innocently gay, will often
jest.

Sir, you are welcome to our house and board,
And ev'ry courteous rite shall be your due,
That hospitality can claim, or give :
Nor will we question you of birth, and name,
Lest we should recognize a deadly foe,
And give unwillingly the stranger's boon.

Ellen enters, with Attendants, bearing Venison and Wine—they spread the Table, and Ellen motions Fitz-James to seat himself and eat—He obeys.—During the Dumb Scene, Music;—when that has ceased, Allan-Bane takes his Harp, and sings the following Verse, whilst Ellen and Lady Margaret wait upon their Guest.

SONG, accompanied on the Harp—ALLAN-BANE.

If ere on Life's uncertain main,
Mishap shall mar thy sail ;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain,
Beneath the fickle gale ;
Waste not a sigh on fortune chang'd,
On thankless courts, or friends estrang'd ;
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle !

Fitz-James (rising). Thanks for your cheer!
 thanks to the Bard, whose strains
 Have tun'd my soul to harmony and love!

(Taking Ellen apart; the Servants remove the table, &c. &c. and Lady Margaret and the Minstrel go out).

Dear Lady, let me profit by the chance
 Which brought me to your isle—Of all the flow'rs
 That bloom in this sequester'd vale, thou art
 The fairest, and the sweetest; but 'tis pity
 A rose so sweet should blossom in a wild!

Ellen. The modest rose, that on the moun-
 tain's side
 Is nourish'd by the dews of Heav'n, lives out
 Its little date of summer's life; but that
 Which proudly blossoms in a princely bow'r,
 Is prematurely pluck'd to grace a bosom
 Regardless of its sweets, and fades away!

Fitz-James. By this soft hand I swear, I'll lead
 thee far
 From these rude scenes, where feuds and discord
 reign,
 To where Love frolicks in the myrtle bow'rs!
 Near to Bochcastle do my horses wait,
 To bear us swiftly on the way to Stirling.
 He who addresses you, my lovely maid,
 Is honour'd in the Scottish Court; by rank,
 The Knight of Snodoun, and by name, Fitz-
 James!

Ellen. To say, Sir Knight, I do not read thy
 heart,
 Were female artifice—One way remains—
 Yes, struggling bosom, I will tell him all! *(Aside.)*
Fitz-James, my father is a banish'd man,
 Outlaw'd and exil'd, and the price of blood

Is set upon his life ; to wed with *me*
 Were infamy— (*Fitz-James attempts to speak*).
 Nay, do not speak, but hear what Truth reveals—
 Sir Knight—there is—a—noble youth—

Fitz-James.

Enough—

I read the secret movements of thy breast,
 And 'twere not mannerly to press you more.—
 Now, fair one, listen to a stranger's word.
 It chanc'd one day, in fight, my faulchion's blade
 Preserv'd the life of Scotland's Lord ; this ring
 The grateful Monarch from his finger gave ;
 And bade, whenever I had boon to ask,
 To bring it back, and boldly claim of him
 Whatever recompense I'd choose to name.
 Ellen, this golden circlet now be thine !
 Seek *thou* the King ; this signet speeds thy way
 Thro' ranks of soldiers station'd to oppose ;
 Then claim thy suit, whate'er it be, and trust
 He will redeem his pledge, and grant thy pray'r !

(*He places the Ring on her Finger.—He is hastily departing through the Door, when a large Broad-sword, which hangs from a Trophy over it, drops from its Sheath upon the ground, at his feet—he picks it up, looks at it, and comes forward—Music, till he speaks*).

I never knew but one, whose sinewy arm,
 Was strong enough to brandish in the field,
 A blade like this (*aside*).

Ellen.

Sir Knight, it is my sire's,
 Our guardian-champion's sword !

Fitz-James.

Ha ! say'st thou so ?

By Heav'n, upon the guard is blazon'd here,
 The well-known crest of Douglas ! (*Aside*).

The Bag-pipes are heard at a distance.

Enter LADY MARGARET and ALLAN-BANE.

Lady Marg. Hear'st thou not
The pipes of war announce my son's approach ?
Look from this casement ! see their banners wave,
Their barges floating on the silver tide !

She opens the Casement—The sounds of the Pibroch are renewed in piano—Whilst Allan-Bane converses apart with Lady Margaret and Ellen, Fitz-James is viewing the Scene from the Window.

Allan-Bane. 'Twere best yon stranger were
dismiss'd ; his presence,
At such a time as this, may breed distrust ;
Besides, Sir Rod'rick may—

Lady Marg. Thou counsel'st well—
Stranger, the rights of hospitality
Perform'd, I must entreat you to depart—
A boat now waits to waft thee o'er the stream.

Fitz-James (bowing to Lady Marg.) Lady, farewell ! Ellen, thy hand—*(kissing it)*—Adieu !
Fast in the seat of memory shall be stor'd,
The sweet remembrance of the lonely isle ! *[Exit.*

Lady Marg. (to Ellen) Come hither, loiterer ;
thou a Douglas, thou !
And shun'st to bind a victor's brows with wreaths !
Haste, Ellen, haste, to greet my son with smiles !

[Exit.

Ellen. Ah, who thro' all these Western Isles,
ere heard
The name of black Sir Roderick with a smile ?
In Holy Rood, undaunted homicide,
A valiant Knight he slew ; but outlaw'd since,
He has become a wild, marauding Chief !

Allan-Bane. But you must grant him brave,
and gen'rous too,
Save when vindictive passions chafe his blood !

Ellen. Allan, the hand that for my father fought,
I reverence with a daughter's holy zeal.
Roderick may claim my life—but not my hand.
Rather would Ellen Douglas seek the cell,
A willing votress in some convent's gloom,
Rather would wander realms beyond the sea,
Dependent on the pity of mankind,
Than wed the man she cannot love !—(*A Bugle
is sounded*)—Allan,
I hear my father's signal blast—Away !
Be ours the pleasing task to guide his bark,
And waft him to his home. (*Music*). [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Lake—Four manned and masted Barges, in perspective, are sailing towards the Island—Above their Spears, Pikes, and Axes, waves the banner'd Pine of Sir Roderick.—On the opening of the Scene, the Pipers on the Bows of the Vessels play the Bag-pipes; but when those cease, the following Chorus is sung by the Boatmen, and joined by numerous Clansmen on the surrounding Hills, painted in Groups of Figures on the Sides and Summits of the Mountains.

CHORUS.

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands;
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen Pine!
O that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine !

Enter DOUGLAS and MALCOLM GRÆME, and ELLEN and ALLAN-BANE on opposite Sides.

Ellen (running to, and embracing her Father)
My sire !

Douglas. My darling Ellen !

Ellen. Tell me why

So long you tarry from your Ellen's sight ?
When you are absent, oh, my heart is sad ;
But throbs with rapture at your safe return !

Douglas. Oh, Malcolm, if there be a human
tear

From passion's dross refin'd, a tear so pure,
That would not stain an angel's cheek, 'tis that
Which gushes from a parent's eye,
To weep upon a duteous daughter's head !

(Embracing her).

Ellen. But tell me, Sir, why urge the chase
so far,

And why so late return'd ?

Douglas. The hunter's sport

I love, 'tis mimicry of noble war !

Far eastward as I stray'd, I met this youth—
Nor safe I stray'd, for on the hills and moors
The hunters and the horsemen scour'd the
ground !

But Malcolm Græme, tho' still a royal ward,
At risk of forfeiture of land and life,
Conducted thro' the passes of the wood
My erring steps—

Ellen (going up to Malcolm). Tho' poor the
thanks I give,

Receive the tribute of a grateful heart,
For ev'ry danger you have risk'd for me—

(Recollecting herself)—

My father, I would say.

Malcolm. The best reward
That I can ask, is that you now have paid!

Douglas. Sir Roderick too, despite an ancient
grudge,
Shall speak your welcome!

Ellen. Father, even now,
There sojourn'd in our bow'r a courteous
Knight—

Douglas. A stranger seek our dwelling! By
my fears,
Some enemy, some southern spy—

Allan-Bane. Not so;
Bewilder'd in the chase, he lost his way,
And enter'd an invited guest—Refresh'd,
He left us, homewards to retrace his steps!

Douglas. My own alarm subdued, I fear for
him—
The gathering Clans are now abroad—in arms!
Each pass too strongly guarded for escape!

*The following Chorus, first faintly heard, but
increasing as it approaches, ushers in Sir
Roderick and his martial Train, with
Banners, &c.—Lady Margaret on the op-
posite Side, with Female Attendants.*

CHORUS.

Hail, to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the evergreen Pine!
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
While ev'ry Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! iero!

Roderick. Here is the best reward a victor
claims!

*(Going up to Ellen, but starts back on seeing
Malcolm Græme).*

(*Aside*) Malcolm! Perdition on the beardless boy! (*A Pause*)

(*To Douglas*). Kinsman and father—if such tender name

Douglas vouchsafe to grant me, list my speech! King James, that tyrant of the Scottish throne, Whose ruthless sword has lain the border waste, And whose revenge has banquetted on blood, Boasts with vindictive pride he'll hither come, And scare us from our coverts; nay, at Dounne, A host of spearmen glitter in the field, And two revolving suns will see them here. Yet more I learn'd; amid Glenfinlas' Vale, Douglas, thy stately form was recogniz'd. Meet is it then we have thy counsel, Lord.

Douglas. Brave Roderick, tho' the thunder roar on high,

Like summer tempest, it may pass away. On this devoted head, full well thou know'st, The bolt of vengeance would be fiercest hurl'd. For thee, who at thy Sov'reign's high command, Canst aid the patriot-cause with pow'rful bands, Thy quick submission to the royal will, Will gain thy Monarch's pardon, and his love! Ellen and I will seek some forest glade—

Roderick. No, by mine honour! Blasted be that Pine,

Our house's ancient crest, when I desert The race of Douglas in the hour of need! Hear my blunt speech—Grant me this maid to wife—

The Douglas and the Rodericks leagued, our foes Will shrink, abash'd, like snails into their shells.

Douglas. Roderick, forbear—your speech to female ears—

Roderick (*not attending to him*). When the shrill pipes shall chant my bridal hymn,

The Links of Forth shall tremble at the knell !
 And when I light the nuptial torch, the blaze
 Shall wrap a thousand villages in flames !
 The guards shall startle in the royal porch,
 And scare the slumbers of the mighty James !

(Ellen falls into the arms of Lady Margaret).

Nay, lovely Ellen, blench not thus away !
 I meant not all my heated words declar'd.

Douglas. Roderick, my daughter cannot be
 thy bride—

It may not be—Forgive us, valiant Chief,
 Nor hazard ought of peril in our cause.

Against his Sov'reign, Douglas never did,
 Nor ever will, erect rebellion's flag.

'Twas I, instructor of his early youth,

First taught him all the rudiments of war !

And tho' by hasty wrath and sland'rous tongues,
 He strip'd me of my honours, wealth, and rank,
 Still with a subject's homage I submit,

Nay, love and reverence my King!—Madam,

(To Lady Margaret).

Conduct my daughter to the bow'r, for there
 Her spirits may regain their wonted tone !

*Lady Margaret and Malcolm are leading
 her off to Music, when Roderick turns
 round, and, roused by jealous fury, rudely
 forces Malcolm from her.*

Roderick. Back, beardless and audacious boy !
 and thank

The Douglas, and the Maid, that I forego
 The punishment thy rashness dares provoke !

Malcolm (drawing). Perish my name, if ought
 but this good sword,
 Shall buy its champion's safety !

Music—They fight—Lady Margaret runs to

her Son, and lays hold of his disengaged arm, whilst Ellen does the same to Malcolm.

Douglas (rushing between the Combatants). Hold!
Forbear !

Chieftains, forego dishonourable broil !

Roderick (sheathing his Sword). Young Sir, rest
safe till morning—'twere pity

Those ringlets should be spoil'd by midnight dew !

Go to thy master, to James Stuart ; tell

That Roderick Dhu will keep the Lake, nor wait

A grov'ling lackey, with his free-born clan,

To swell the pageant-pomp of any King !

If more of Alpine's Chief he crave to know,

Thou can'st reveal our strength.—What, ho,
Malise !

Enter MALISE.

Give our safe conduct to the Græme. Away !

Malcolm. Fear nothing for thy fav'rite hold ;
the spot

An angel's presence once has grac'd,

Is bless'd, tho' robbers may pollute the ground !

Reserve thy churlish courtesy for those

Who fear thy threats—your passports I despise !

Brave Douglas—Lady Ellen—naught will I

Of parting speak one word ; earth does not hold

A glen so lonesome, or a cave so dark,

But we will meet again.—For thee, proud Chief,

Our next encounter may be mortal !

*Douglas and Lady Margaret lead off Ellen
on one Side, as Malcolm retires on the op-
posite to Music.*

Roderick. Now, kinsmen, clansmen, and my
trusty friends,

Ere yet the cross of fire shall take its road,
 With prompt dispatch the ritual prepare.
 But first (*to Malise*), bid Brian, the recluse, attend.
 A man he is, whose wand'ring brains and mind,
 Fever'd by pond'ring on the magic page
 Of Cabala and spells, in horror wrapt,
 For days will stare upon the cataract,
 To watch the fancied river-dæmon rise !
 A monk he is of savage form, whose heart
 Would e'en on human sacrifice delight !

Enter MALISE, conducting BRIAN, who holds in his hand a Cross of Yew—RODERICK and his Attendants bow to him—Music.

BRIAN (*speaking*).

A heap of wither'd boughs be pil'd,
 Of juniper and rowan wild,
 Mingled with shivers from the oak,
 Rent by the lightning's recent stroke !

The Men raise an Altar, and then with Torches kindle the Pile—Music.

BRIAN (*speaking*).

Holding up the Cross—

Woe to the Clansman, who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,
 Forgetful that its branches grew,
 Where weep the Heav'ns their holiest dew
 On Alpine's dwelling low !
 Woe to the traitor ! woe !

CHORUS.

Woe to the traitor ! woe !

BRIAN (*speaking*).

During the Chorus, having lighted the Cross at the Altar—

Woe to the wretch who fails to rear,
At this dread sign, the ready spear;
Sunk be his home in embers red,
And cursed be the meanest shed,
That e'er shall hide the houseless head
We doom to want and woe!

CHORUS.

Woe to the traitor! woe!

During the Chorus, Brian, having quenched the Fire of the Cross in a Vessel of Blood, placed at the foot of the Altar, Roderick, with impatience, snatches it from his hand, and delivers it to Malise.

Roderick. Speed, Malise, speed, with fleetest
foot begone,
And bear this charmed cross! speed, Malise,
speed! [*Exit Malise.*]

CHORUS.

Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
For danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—Speed, Malise, speed!

[*The Curtain falls.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Act II.

SCENE I.

The Mountains—A Cataract, and a rude Bridge thrown across a deep Glen.—On one Side of the Stage, RODERICK, wrapped in his Plaid, is seated by a Watch-fire, his Men slumbering on the Ground—On the Hills, at different points, are other Watch-fires, with Centinels stationed near them.—BRIAN stands on the Summit of a huge Cliff.—By degrees, Day dawns.—The moment that the Sun appears above the most distant Mountain in the Perspective, the Centinels blow their Horns, when RODERICK and his Followers start up—Music expressive of the whole Scene.

Roderick (turning to where Brian stands). See, where amidst the rocks, and roar of stream, That fiend-begotten monk his augury tries! And now, slow-gliding thro' the morning's mist, He comes to speak the oracle of Fate!

Roderick runs to the Mountain, and assists the Hermit to descend—Music till they have reach'd the front of the Stage.

*Brian. Roderick! for man endow'd with mortal life,
Whose cloud of sentient clay feels fev'rish pang,
'Tis hard for such a one, with trembling hand,
To draw the curtain of Futurity!
Yet witness for me, ev'ry quaking limb,
My sunken eye-balls, and my slacken'd pulse,*

What harrowing anguish for my Chief I've borne!
 The ghastly shapes that sought my stony couch,
 No human tongue to earthly ear must tell.
 At length, in characters of living flame,
 Not spoke in words, but branded on my soul,
 The fateful answer came!—

*Who first shall spill the foremost foeman's life,
 That party shall be victors in the fight!*

Roderick. Thanks, Brian; for thy prophecy is
 good!

Clan-Alpine never yet in battle fought,
 But first our broad-swords drank the blood of foes!

Brian. A surer victim to my augury,
 Self-offer'd, comes a willing sacrifice!
 Last eve, as I sat musing in my cave,
 A stranger, in a hunting suit of green,
 Enquir'd the path to Stirling; from the south,
 Deeming he came a spy upon our land,
 I sought red Murdoch, brib'd him for his guide.
 E'en now, from yonder hill, the wanderers,
 Climbing the mountain's awful precipice,
 I view'd; soon will the Clansman's lifted steel
 The traitor stab, then hurl him down the steep,
 To glut the famish'd eagles! *[Exit.*

Enter MALISE.

Roderick. Speak, Malise!
 Quick, say, what tidings bring'st thou of the foe?

Malise. 'Tis certain that a band, led on by Mar,
 And strengthen'd by the banner of Moray,
 Comes onward like a dark and gath'ring cloud!

Roderick. By Alpine's soul, I like thy tidings
 well!

Within Loch-Katrine's gorge we'll waste the foe.
 There each will battle for his household fire;
 Father for child, and son for sire will fight,

Lover for maid belov'd!—Ah, Ellen, why
Should the remembrance of thy scorn—(*wiping
away a tear*)—No—no—

'Twas but the breeze of morning, wet with dew,
Which damp'd the hero's cheek!—Each to his
post—

The pibroch sound, and let the bands advance!
Nor doubt, nor terror can that soul appal,
Where waves the banner of Clan-Alpine's Chief!

[*Exeunt to the sounds of the Pibroch.*]

BLANCHE, *the Maniac, sings without.*

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—

(*Enters, worn and wasted, in tattered Garments—Upon her head, Wreaths of Broom, and bearing in her hand a Plume of Eagle's Feathers.—Continuing the Song*)

I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.

Oh, could I hear my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest—would supplicate,
That Heav'n would close my wretched, wretched
days! (*Sighing deeply.—Sings.*)

'Tis thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.

[*Exit.*]

Enter over the Bridge, to Music, Fitz-James and Murdoch.—When Fitz-James is near the Centre of the Bridge, Murdoch draws his Dirk, and is on the point of stabbing Fitz-James in the back, when Blanche appears on a projecting Rock facing them, and screams—Murdoch drops his Dirk in the Abyss—Blanche stares wildly on Fitz-James, then viewing Murdoch, she screams again, and runs away, Fitz-James following her, and afterwards Murdoch, who, by his Gestures, threatens vengeance upon both. The Music continues till the Characters appear upon the Stage.

Enter FITZ-JAMES, MURDOCH, and BLANCHE.

BLANCHE (*singing*).

Ah, woe betide the cruel guile,
That drown'd in blood the morning smile;
And woe betide the fairy dream—
I only wak'd to sob and scream!

Fitz-James. Who is this maid forlorn? what means her lay?

Murdoch. 'Tis Blanche of Devan, a craz'd, lowland maid,

Ta'en captive on the morn she was a bride,
When bold Sir Rod'rick forag'd Devan's banks.
The saucy bridegroom some resistance dar'd,
And fell beneath our Chieftain's conq'ring sword!
I marvel much that she is now at large—
Hence, brain-sick fool!

(*Raising his Bow to strike her*).

Fitz-James. Dare strike her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee, dastard, headlong down the gulph—
Her sex demands respect—her woes, thy pity!

Blanche. Thanks, champion, thanks! Oh,
thou art kind, indeed!

See!—(*Holding up the Plume of Feathers*)—see!
with these grey pennons I will sail,

And seek my true love in the air! But mark,
I will not give that savage knave one plume,
To break his fall! No, deep amid the rocks,
The wolves and kites shall batten on his bones!

Fitz-James. Hush thee, poor sorrowing maiden,
and be still!

Blanche. Oh, thou speak'st kindly, and I'll
rave no more!

The fever of my brain has dry'd mine eyes,
But still they love the Lincoln-green! mine ear
Still loves the Lowland tongue! (*Sings*).

For O, my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat was all of the green-wood hue,
And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay!

It was not that I meant—But thou art wise,
And guessest well—

(*Drawing Fitz-James apart, she looks wildly
over the Glen, and fixes an apprehensive
eye upon the Clansman; then in low, broken,
and hurried accents, sings the following*

BALLAD.

The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet—
It was a stag, a stag of ten,
He came stately down the glen.
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

It was there he met with a wounded doe,
 She warn'd him of the toils below;
 He had an eye, and he could heed;
 He had a foot, and he could speed—
 Hunters watch so narrowly!

Murdoch whoops aloud, and whistles—Blanche shrieks.

Fitz-James. Murdoch, was that a signal cry?

Murdoch (stammering). I shout

To scare yon raven hence.

Fitz-James. (Aside) The Maniac's song,
 And Murdoch's shout, suspicion breed. Disclose
 (Drawing his Sword)

Thy treach'ry, knave, or thou shalt quickly die!

Murdoch springs upon Fitz-James, and seizes his Sword; they struggle—Fitz-James is thrown down—Murdoch runs up the Rocks, and appears on the Bridge; draws his Bow, and shoots Blanche with an Arrow, who, affrighted, has ran towards the Gulph—Fitz-James recovers himself, and pursues Murdoch—Blanche comes forward with the Arrow piercing her Breast, and sinks down upon a Bank beneath a Tree—At that moment, Fitz-James appears upon the Bridge, disarms Murdoch, who then aims an Arrow at Fitz-James, who with his Sword cuts the Bow of Murdoch in twain, stabs him, and throws him off the Bridge into the yawning Chasm—Music the whole time, till Fitz-James runs to Blanche, and appears endeavouring to staunch the Blood.

Enter FITZ-JAMES.

Blanche. (*Having withdrawn the Shaft*)—
Stranger! 'tis vain, the life stream ebbs apace!
The pow'r of reason, at this hour of death,
After the lapse of many cheerless years,
Returns!—A helpless, injur'd wretch, I die!
And something tells me in thy pitying looks,
That thou wilt be th' avenger of my wrongs!

Fitz-James. Oh, speak thy dying wish, and
here I swear
To execute whatever boon you crave!

Blanche. Seest thou this little tress of yellow
hair?

Oh, I have worn it as my heart's dear pride,
Thro' ev'ry danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright, and clear as thine, but blood
And tears have dimm'd it, but it now shall wave

(*Putting it in his hand*)

Upon thy helmet, 'till the sun and rain
Have bleach'd the sanguine dye! Oh, Heav'n
more strong,

Let Reason beam her light upon my soul!
Let me conjure thee, by that honour'd sign,
The knighthood's badge, and for thy life pre-
serv'd,

When thou shalt see a man of gloomy brow,
Who boasts himself the Chief of Alpine's Clan,
Be firm thy hand, thy heart and weapon bold,
And with his blood revenge poor—Blanche's—
wrongs!

Fitz-James (*placing the Lock of Hair on the
side of his Bonnet*)—

May Heav'n forsake me in my hour of need,
If on this outlaw'd Chieftain, murder'd maid,
I do not wreak thy injuries!

Blanche.

That pang,

The soul's departure from its earthly tenement,
Forewarns! — ere yet my fleeting breath — expire —
Be warn'd — they watch for thee on hill and glen —
Avoid — the — Pass — Oh! mercy, Heav'n! — Fare-
well! [Dies.

Fitz-James. By him whose sacred word is truth!

I vow,

No other favour, save this waving curl,
I'll wear, till this sad token shall be steep'd
In the best blood of Rod'rick Dhu!

(Distant Halloos and Whistles are heard).

But, hark!

My path like bloodhounds they pursue! E'en here
I'll bide; if farther thro' the wilds I stray,
I fall upon the foe!

*(The Atmosphere is darkened, the Wind
howls, and the Rain descends).*

The tempest roars!

I'll seek some tufted shelter in the vale,
To screen me from the beating wind and rain;
There couch me till the night, then darkling try
My dang'rous way.—

(The Halloos and Whistles are heard again).

The chase is up! They'll find

The hunted lion is a dang'rous foe! [Exit.

SCENE II.

Another View of the Highlands—The Storm continues with unabating fury.

Enter FITZ-JAMES.

Fitz-James. Benumb'd, and drench'd with
rain—fatigu'd and faint,
Famish'd and chill'd, I cannot journey on!

Enter RODERICK DHU, wrap'd in his Plaid.

Roderick. What, ho! who goes there? Stand!
and speak thy name,

And purpose!

Fitz-James. What art thou?

Roderick. A mountaineer!

No parley, Saxon—what dost thou require?

Fitz-James. The stranger's privilege to ask of
you—

Rest, and a guide—some nourishment, and fire!
My path is lost—the gale has chill'd my limbs!
My life's beset—

Roderick. Art thou a friend to Rod'rick?

Fitz-James. No!

Roderick. Thou dar'st not own thyself his
enemy!

Fitz-James. I dare, to him, and all his murd'rous
band!

Roderick. Bold words! Stranger, I am to Ro-
derick Dhu

A Clansman born, and ev'ry word thou speak'st
Against his honour, should unsheath my blade!
Yet more—'tis said, a mighty augury

Is laid upon thy fate ; if I but wind
 This horn, thou art by numbers overcome !
 Worn as thou art, in single combat too,
 An easy conquest thou would'st prove ! But no,
 Ne'er from the laws of honour will I swerve !
 'Twere shame to battle with a wearied man,
 And stranger is a passport to the heart !
 Come in, and rest thee—take some food and fire,
 And when the clouds disperse, the day is clear,
 Till past Clan-Alpine's utmost guard, myself
 Will guide thee on the way !

Fitz-James. Thanks, mountaineer !
 I take thy courtesy, and do accept
 A soldier's welcome, and a soldier's fare !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Bower.

Enter ELLEN and ALLAN-BANE.

Allan-Bane. Dear Lady, he'll return—with
 joy return—

He will—he must—he has but distant stray'd,
 To seek some refuge, ere the dogs of war
 Shall hunt us from the covert we have gain'd !

Ellen. No, Allan, no ; thine is a weak pretext—
 When in such tender tone, and piteous look,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave me, then
 I read the purpose of his manly breast ;
 My soul, tho' feminine, can image *his* !
 He hears reports of battles, deems himself
 The cause of strife, and now to Stirling hies,
 To yield his person to the Scottish King ;
 And buy Sir Roderick's safety with his own !

Allan-Bane. Nay, lovely Ellen, dearest maid,
forbear—

Ellen. What charm can mitigate a daughter's
grief,

What words can stop the current of her eyes,
When they bewail a loved parent lost?—

Amidst the din of war I'll seek the King!

These feet, no rest—nor sleep these eyelids close,

Till at a Monarch's throne I pour my plaint,

Till Mercy breathe her accent in my ear,

Or in his dungeon perish with my sire! [*Exit.*

Allan-Bane. Shall I, the Minstrel of my mas-
ter's house,

Refuse to share his doom?—In weal, or woe,

My harp shall glad him, and shall soothe his
cares!

Nor ever leave him, till it pour the verse,

In fun'ral dirges o'er his hallow'd grave! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*The Pass of Benlede—Dwarfish Shrubs of Birch,
Oak, &c. clothe the tops and sides of the Moun-
tain—Osiers are growing on the Swamp and on
the Banks of the River—The Storm over.*

Enter RODERICK and FITZ-JAMES.

Roderick. What lover's errand, or what stronger
cause,

Permit me now to ask, could tempt your steps,
To seek these western wilds, no traveller treads
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

Fitz-James.

Brave Gael,

My pass is in my baldric by my side!

A Knight's free footsteps fearless wander far—

A falcon flown—the glance of Highland maid
Will oft suffice to cheat us of our time.

Roderick. Enough ;—thy secret keep—I urge
thee not.

But, stranger, if on peaceful errand bent,
Whence the bold boast, affirm'd with martial
tone,

That you were Rod'rick's vow'd and mortal foe ?

Fitz-James. Warrior, but yesternoon, naught
of your Chief

I knew, save as an outlaw'd, desp'rate man,
Who, in the Regent's presence—in his Court—
With ruffian dagger, stab'd a gallant Knight !

Roderick. Heard'st thou the provocation that
he gave ?

Heard'st thou what shameful word—degrading
blow,

Brought Rod'rick's vengeance down ? What
reck'd the Chief

If upon Highland heath, or Holy Rood

He stood ? He rights his wrongs *wherever* given !

What is your other cause 'gainst Rod'rick Dhu ?

Fitz-James. What deem ye of my path way-
laid ? my life

Meanly beset by cowardly surprise ?

Roderick. As of a punishment to rashness due.

Had'st thou sent friendly warning to our Chief,

“ I seek a hound that's stray'd, or falcon flown,

“ Or come to frolic with a mountain lass,”

Free had'st thou been to enter and depart ;

But secret path, Sir Knight, shews secret foe !

Not as a spy, thy death was doom'd, unheard,

But to fulfil a prophet's augury.

Fitz-James. Well, let it pass ; I will no longer
now,

Fresh causes of my enmity proclaim,

To chafe thy mood. I am by promise bound

To match me with this Chieftain of your Clan.
 Once have I sought your Alpine wilds in peace ;
 But when I come its visitor again,
 I come with banner, brand, and deadly bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal enemy !
 Never did love-lorn swain, in lady's bow'r,
 Pant with more rapture for th' appointed time,
 As I, until before me stand in view,
 This rebel Chieftain, and his lawless band !

Roderick. Have then thy wish !

(He whistles ; the Signal is answered from the surrounding Hills, when on a sudden spring up, on the right and left hands, above and below, from the Shingles, from the Bushes, Heath, and Willows, armed Warriors, who bend their Bows. When they appear, there is a Crash of Warlike Instruments—Fitz-James starts—Roderick with an air of exultation points to his Followers).

How say'st thou now ?

These, stranger, are Clan-Alpine's warriors bold,
 And Saxon, mark me—I am Roderick Dhu.

Fitz-James (placing his back against a Rock, and drawing his Sword)—

Come on ! come all ! For sooner shall this rock
 From its firm base be mov'd, as I !

Roderick.

Fear nought.

(He waves his Hand, and the Clansmen disappear to the Crash of Warlike Music)—

Thou art my guest ; I pledg'd my sacred word,
 To bring thee safe beyond our boundaries ;
 Nor for the wealth of all your southern vales,
 Would I betray my charge.—I only meant

To shew, how weak the reed on which you
leant ;

And that your journey was impossible
Without a pass from me. Now move we on—
A few short paces hence, we pass the ford
That lands us at Bochastle.—Onwards, Sir.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

*A View on Loch-Vennachar, near Coilantogle
Ford.*

Enter Roderick and Fitz-James.

Roderick. Bold Saxon ! to his promise just
and true,
Vich-Alpine has discharg'd his word : this man,
This murd'rous Chief, this outlaw'd, desp'rate
man,
Hath led thee safe thro' ev'ry pass and watch,
Far past the limits of Clan-Alpine's guard !

(*Throwing down his Target*)

See here, all vantageless I stand—Behold,
Arm'd, like yourself, with single sword, oppos'd !
Now man to man, and steel to steel, we'll try !

Fitz-James. Whenever foeman bade me draw
my blade,
I ne'er shrunk back ; nay more, I vow'd thy
death !

Yet sure thy fair and gen'rous faith to me,
And the deep debt I owe, for life preserv'd,
Deserve a better meed ! Can naught but blood
Our feud atone ?

Roderick. No, stranger, none ! and hear—
To fire thy flagging valour, whet thy sword,
The Saxon cause and mine rest on thy steel ;

For thus spoke Fate her fix'd and sure decree—
 Who first shall spill the foremost foeman's life,
 That party shall be victors in the fight!

Fitz-James. Now, by the Rood, the riddle is
 resolv'd!

For in yon brake, beneath the nodding cliff,
 Cold, stiff, and motionless, Red Murdoch lies—
 Then, pr'ythee, yield to Fate, and not to me.

Roderick. To thee! Because a wretched kern
 ye slew,

Does thy presumption soar so high a flight?
 Homage to thee!—to thee! from Rod'rick Dhu?
 Never! He yields not, he, to man nor fate!
 Thou addest fuel to my burning rage!
 My Clansman's blood cries out for deep revenge!
 Not yet prepar'd? By Heav'n, I change my
 thought,

And hold theelicht; thou art some-carpet Knight,
 Who ill deserv'd the courtesy I shew'd,
 And whose best boast is—but to wear that braid,
 Cut from the tresses of his mistress!

Fitz-James. Ha!

I thank thee, Rod'rick, for the potent word!
 It stirs the hero, and it nerves my heart!
 For I have deeply sworn this braid to steep
 In the best blood that channels in thy veins!
 And think not that by thee alone, proud Chief!
 The laws of honourable courtesy
 Are shewn—though not from copse, or heath, or
 wood,

Spring, at my whistle, a whole ambuscade,
 Yet; let me give this horn one single blast,
 Numbers would rush to overpower thy arm!
 But fear not—doubt not—for I trust my cause
 To Heav'n, and to my single sword, alone!

(*Music.* They fight—Fitz-James disarms
 Roderick, and throws him on his knee).

Fitz-James. Now yield thee, or my sword shall pierce thy heart !

Roderick. Let recreants yield, and supplicate for life,

Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !

He springs forward, and seizes Fitz-James by the throat.—Music.—Fitz-James is overpowered, and Roderick planting his knee upon his breast, keeps him undermost. He draws his Dagger, which he raises to stab Fitz-James, when, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, he falls prostrate on the earth, and the weapon is sheathed in the ground—Fitz-James rises on his knee, and returns thanks to Heaven for his preservation.—Music, till the Curtain falls.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Act III.

SCENE I.

The Guard-Room—Soldiers of a fierce and bearded aspect are variously grouped—some are sleeping on the floor and bench—JOHN OF BRENT and others are carousing round a large Oaken Table in the centre; others are warming themselves before a huge chimney's dying embers—Swords, Halberts, Spears, Bows and Arrows, Helmets, and Breast-plates, cover the walls—The Room is lighted by two flaming Torches, placed in iron brackets fastened in the walls.—On the rising of the Curtain, a long Roll of Drums without.

John of Brent. Hark, comrades, to the drums,
 whose rolling beats
 Tell that the sun is up! Sluggards, arise!
 Nor let his beams peep thro' the narrow loops,
 And catch ye snoring—up, up, ye slumberers!

(They rise—rub their eyes, and gape)

Stretch wide your portals—garrison your mouths
 With haunch of venison, and cups of sack!

(Giving them Wine)

Renew the bowl, and sing a merry catch,
 And like true brethren of the brand and spear,
 Join in the buxom chorus.

SONG AND CHORUS.

SONG—JOHN OF BRENT.

Our Vicar still preaches, that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl;
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out—and a fig for the Vicar!

Chorus. Yet whoop, &c. &c.

Our Vicar he calls it damnation, to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian, the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose—and a fig for the Vicar!

Chorus. Yet whoop, &c. &c.

*(The merriment is interrupted by the Warder's
Horn without—John of Brent rises, goes
to the side, and looks out).*

John of Brent. Here is old Bertram, bully—
sons of Mars,

And beat, for jubilee, the rattling drum!
In company with Minstrel, and a Maid.

*Enter BERTRAM, ALLAN-BANE, and ELLEN,
whose face and figure are concealed by her
Plaid—she shrinks back with dread at sight of
the place, and ferocity of the soldiery—John
of Brent, and the rest, crowd round Bertram,
and vociferate in a breath,*

What news?

Bertram. What news? Ye stun me with your
clam'rous tongues!

I only know, from noon till eve we fought

With enemy as wild, untameable,
As the rude mountains where they spring and
grow.

Not much success can either party boast.

John of Brent. But whence thy captives, soldier? for such spoils

As theirs, must need reward thy warfare well.

The times grow sharp, and age creeps on thee fast.

Now thou hast got an harp, and dancing girl,

Get but an ape, and thou may'st trudge the land,

A strolling leader of a juggler train.

Bertram. No, comrade, no such fortune is
my lot.

The battle ended, these two sought our lines,

And having audience of the noble Mar,

He bade me bring them hitherward with speed.

Forbear your noisy mirth, and ruder jests,

For none shall shame, or harm them, as I live!

John of Brent. Hear ye his boast? Look at the
old gallant!

Shall he strike doe beside our very lodge,

And grudge to pay the forester his fee?

Despite of Mar or thee, I'll have my share.

(Going rudely to seize Ellen, Bertram and Allan oppose him, but she rushing between them, lets fall her tartan screen—John of Brent, and the other Soldiers, amazed, stand gazing on her).

Ellen. Warriors! my father was the soldier's friend!

Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led the way,
And with him in the battle often bled.

Oh, never from the valiant or the brave,

Should a poor exile's daughter suffer wrong!

John of Brent. Lady, I shame me of the part
I play'd,

And thou, poor girl, an outlaw's daughter? well,
I am an outlaw by our forest laws;
And my poor Rose—if Rose be living now,

(wiping away a tear)—

Must bear such age, I think, as thine.—Comrades,
I go to call the Captain of our Guard.

There lies my halbert on the floor—*(throwing it down)*—and mark,

He that dares leap that barrier—hear me, knaves,
To do that lovely maiden injury,
Shall feel the javelin in his heart.—Beware!
No joking, laughter, ribaldry, or noise—
Be men—be soldiers—you know John of Brent.

[Exit.

Ellen (apart to Allan-Bane). Soon, haply, of
the Douglas I shall hear,
Soon may my eyes behold him, and my ears
Dwell on the sweetest tones of harmony,
The sounds that issue from a parent's voice.

Allan-Bane. If once again my vision'd sight
prove true,
The bleeding heart of Douglas shall be seen,
The brightest crest that glitters in the court,
The firmest banner in the fields of war!

Enter JOHN OF BRENT.

John of Brent. I told young Lewis—that's the
Captain's name—
(No Briton, but a Frenchman born)—that you
Would fain have parley with him straight; he
said,
As soon as he had let his ringlets loose,
Curl'd his mustaches, and perfum'd his hair,
That you might wait upon him, Lady.

A Voice from a room above sings the following Strain—Ellen and Allan-Bane look at each other as though they recognized the Songster.

SONG.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime :
Or mark it as the sun-beams crawl,
Inch after inch along the wall.
These tow'rs, although a King's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

Ellen (apart to Allan-Bane). Allan, 'tis he !
or were my ears deceiv'd ?

John of Brent. Thus all the day, and thro' the
live-long night,

The captive in the tow'r above, will sing.

I verily believe his brain is craz'd

By love of some proud jilting maid. Poor youth !
His cares will soon be ended.

Ellen. What say you ?

Will he obtain his liberty ? Be free ?

John of Brent. The freedom of a felon will
be his,

To walk from out the prison to his grave !

Ellen (with great energy). A grave ! it cannot
be—he's innocent !

John of Brent. 'Twere well to prove it to his
Sovereign then.

The youth is Malcolm Græme, a royal ward,
No mercy will be shewn him, and his head
Will pay the rashness of his heels, which dar'd
To ramble, like a traitor, to the foe,
To Douglas, that rebellious, banish'd Lord !

(*Ellen, who has been holding by the arm of Allan-Bane, and listening to the Narration with emotions of terror and grief, falls fainting on the ground*).

Allan-Bane. She droops, she faints, and like
the mountain snow,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest !

(*Raising her, John of Brent and Bertram assisting*).

Bertram. And now
It melts to tears ! what sudden gust, or storm,
Bow'd the sweet snow-drop down ?

Ellen (having recover'd—to Bertram, who is next to her)—

Soldier, you have
A rugged outside, but a feeling heart !
Then bear this token (*giving a Bracelet from her arm*)—to your prisoner—

To Malcolm—'twas his gift—his precious gift ;
He bound it on my arm, a talisman of faith !
Tell him, I beg you, that I've wander'd far,
To seek a father :—that I knew but now—
Oh bitter agony of brain and heart !
I came to weep upon a lover's tomb !

Bertram. This bracelet I will give unto your
Lord—

As for your message—trust me—but I fear,
These tears will choak the utterance of my tongue !

[*Exit up some stairs leading to the Tower.*]

Ellen. A pris'ner lies the noble-hearted Græme !
And now for me and mine, in bondage pines.

John of Brent. Ere this, our Captain's doff'd
his morning robe,
And waits your presence.

Ellen. Quick ! lead me to him.
But first allow my heart to speak its thanks ;

And as a poor reward, my slender purse
Be shar'd among the soldiers of the guard !

(The Soldiers crowd round Ellen, and receive her Bounty, all but John of Brent, who stands apart—she goes up to him with a piece of gold, and the Purse).

John of Brent. Lady, forgive a haughty English heart,
If bluntly I refuse your proffer'd gold—
Nought but the empty purse shall be my share,
Which henceforth on my helmet is my crest,
(Putting it in his Cap)
My armour through the jeopardy of war !

Enter BERTRAM.

Bertram. One poor request the noble Malcolm craves,
That you would on the instant bless his sight,
And cheer the captive in his prison walls !
Ellen. Oh, bring me to him ! 'midst the dungeon's gloom
With Malcolm by my side—nor pomp, nor courts,
nor kings !—
Ungrateful Ellen ! whither wouldst thou go ?
'Twixt love and duty can I hesitate ?

(To John of Brent)

O lead me, Sir, where *filial duty* points—
To where a *daughter's love* may save her sire !
[*Exeunt Ellen, John of Brent, and Allan-Bane.*

(A Roll of Drums).

Bertram. Comrades, away ! Put on your shining helms !

The burghers hold their annual sports to-day—
We must be there ; for soldiers love the sight
Of hardy yeomen bending of their bows,
Of wrestlers struggling in the mimic war,
Or high-born tilters shiv'ring of a spear.
Shoulder your arms ! On to the Castle Park,
And see you scour the rabble from the ground !

(Bertram and the Soldiers march out).

SCENE II.

The Castle Park—The Bells ringing—FITZ-JAMES, and many Nobles on Horseback at the top of the Stage—In the spaces between the Wings, Horsemen are placed to keep the Ground clear—The Sports commence with the Morris Dancers—The Dance over, the Wrestling begins—A Stranger, disguised as a Peasant, vanquishes every Opponent—FITZ-JAMES presents him with a Ring—The Bugles sound, and the Archers, properly habited, appear upon the Stage and place the Target—The Stranger, after the rest have tried their skill, bears off the Prize, a Silver Dart, which is given to him by FITZ-JAMES—The Trumpets sound, and a Knight, on foot, challenges to combat with the Broad Sword—The Stranger offers himself, but is spurned by the Knight—Again he presents himself before the Knight, who, enraged at the familiarity of a Peasant, strikes him—The Stranger snatches the Sword from the hand of the Knight and breaks it over his head, when some of the Officers attendant upon the Lords, run to seize the Peasant with drawn Swords—He wields his Sword and keeps them off.

Stranger: Back ! back on your lives ! Beware the Douglas !

(Throwing off his Disguise)—

Yes, mark, proud slaves, the Douglas doom'd of old,

And vainly sought for to atone your rage,
A willing victim comes, to crave for grace,
Not for himself, but for his friends.

Fitz-James.

What ho !

The Captain of the Guard ! The sports break off !
And bear the traitor hence.

[Exeunt Fitz-James and the Nobles.

Douglas (delivering up his Sword to the Officer)—

Here is my sword—

Now to the dungeon !

(The Mob break in upon the Guards, who surround the Prisoner, and endeavour to rescue him).

Rabble.

The Douglas rescue !

Douglas (addressing the Mob). Listen, misguided men, ere yet for me

Ye break the oath of fealty to your King !

My life, and what is dearer far, my fame,

I tender freely to my country's laws !

Or think ye if I suffer *causeless* wrong,

That I, for selfish vengeance, would permit

The *public weal* to suffer from your ire ?

Oh, no ! Believe me, that in yonder tower,

It will not soothe my sad captivity,

To know those spears our foes should only dread,

Were dy'd for me in kindred gore—to know,

That patriots mourn insulted laws, and curse

The name of Douglas as the chief of brawls !

Oh, let your patience wait my country's doom,

And keep your courage to defend your King !

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Court-Yard of the Castle.

Enter ELLEN, ALLAN-BANE, and JOHN OF BRENT.

Ellen. Allan, 'twas he ! I saw his noble form !
'Twas Douglas, 'twas my sire, these eyes beheld,
Encircled with a band of armed men !
I shriek'd aloud—my father knew the voice,
And cast a look of pity on his child !
I flew distracted tow'rd's him, but the guard
Denied the solace of a daughter's love.

Allan-Bane. Inhuman monsters, to resist such
claim !

Ellen. Firmly he march'd amidst the glitt'ring
spears,
And seem'd the radiated orb of day,
At whose approach the courtly satellites,
Like twinkling stars, turn'd pale, and shrunk
from sight.

Enter FITZ-JAMES.

(Running, and kneeling to him)

Oh, welcome, brave Sir James ! I sought you
now.

Thro' scenes of danger, I have ventur'd forth,
A trembling suppliant for a father's life !

Fitz-James. Rise, lovely mourner, and demand
thy suit !

Ellen. E'en now, I saw the noble Douglas,
bound,
Drag'd like the meanest culprit thro' the streets.

Oh, grant my pray'r—conduct me to the King—
Behold, to back my suit, this golden pledge!

Fitz-James. Ellen, my word of promise I will
keep,

My pledge redeem; but trust me, filial love
Alone, would be your passport to the King.

Thy suit with Royal James, my voice shall aid:

No tyrant he, tho' oft his better mood

Is chaf'd to anger by domestic jars!

Come, Ellen, come, in fitting bow'r repose,

Till James, surrounded by his noble Peers,

Ascend the throne, to hear the suppliants' cause,

Or on the traitors to their country, seal

The doom of death!—(*Ellen sighs*)—Nay, no
desponding sigh—

For Hope, like sun-beams, in an April's morn,
Should dry thy tears, and brighten ev'ry cloud!

Ellen. Ah, Sir, how transient are such gleams
of hope!

For soon the prospect low'rs, to make us feel,
And deeper mourn the absence of the sun!

[*Exeunt.*

Allan-Bane. My mistress safe, oh, give me
but to see.

My honour'd master's face—his Minstrel I—

Then let me share his captive lot, and pay

A vassal's homage to his Lord!

John of Brent.

We men

Of southern lineage, little reck

A vassal's feudal homage to his Lord—

But come, old Minstrel, I will be your guide—

Thy master, and thy Chieftain, thou shalt see!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A State Prison—RODERICK is discovered on a Couch, pale and wounded.

Enter JOHN OF BRENT and ALLAN-BANE.

John of Brent. Here, till the leach shall visit
him again,
Thou may'st remain.

[Goes out, bolting the door after him.]

Allan-Bane (going to the Couch). Oh, my dear
Lord—Rod'rick !

Roderick (raising himself). What of the Lady
Ellen ? of my Clan ?

My mother ? Douglas ? say who fought ? who fled ?
Who basely live ? or who more bravely died ?

Allan-Bane. Ellen is safe ; the Lady Marg'ret
well ;

And for the Earl of Douglas we have hopes.
As for thy Clan—never did Minstrel sing
Of bolder combatants.

Roderick. Then tune thy harp ;
Strike it ! and with the Bard's inspiring lay,
Fling me the picture of the battle's rage !
I'll listen, till my fancy hear the clang
Of swords and bucklers, and the crash of spears !
These grates, these prison-walls, shall vanish then,
And my free spirit to the battle soar !

SONG OF THE BATTLE—ALLAN-BANE,
accompanied on the Harp.

(In the following Song, instead of the usual Symphonies between each Verse, the Music is to play Notes expressive of that Passion, which every Stanza has excited in the mind of Roderick).

Hark ! hark ! the hostile shouts begin !
 Now westward rolls the battle's din !
 Bearing before them in their course,
 The thickest of the archer force.
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come,
 Shouting, Death, or Liberty !

(Music expressive of Roderick's Passion).

I heard the Saxon's lances crash,
 As, when the whirlwind rends the ash !
 For life, for life, their flight they ply,
 And shriek, and groan, and battle cry,
 With plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broad-swords clashing to the sky,
 With Alpine shouts of Victory !

(Music expressive, &c. &c.)

Revenge ! revenge ! the Saxons cry'd—
 Freedom, or death ! the Gaels reply'd.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
 Where is their Chieftain's bugle-horn ?
 Where Bothwell's Lord, and Rod'rick bold ?
 Both, both, alas, in captive hold,
 Sunk in chains and slavery !

During the last four lines, Roderick's features and gestures become violently agitated—at the last, he starts from the Couch, tears the Bandages from his Wounds, clenches his hands, and sternly fixing his fading eyes upon vacancy, falls back, and expires without a groan—Music to the whole of the Action.

Allan-Bane. There, fell the foeman's dread,
 the people's aid !
 For thee, of Bothwell's exil'd house the stay,
 E'en in this prison's dreary gloom I'll strike
 The chords of woe for Alpine's honor'd Pine !

LAMENT.—ALLAN-BANE, *accompanied on the Harp.*

What groans shall yonder vallies fill !
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill !
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done ;
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun !
 A braver breathes not of thy line,
 O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine !

(*Allan-Bane mourning over the Body, a front Scene closes him in*).

SCENE THE LAST.

The Hall of Audience—King James in his Regal Habiliments, seated on the Throne, attended by all his Court in great splendour—A Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

King James. Bid Ellen Douglas now approach our presence !

(*The Lord in Waiting goes out, and immediately returns with Ellen, who with trembling step and downcast eye, enters the Presence. At length she fearfully raises her head, and recognizes Fitz-James as the King. She runs to the Throne, points to the Ring, and falls prostrate on the ground. The King descends, gently raises her, and kisses her brow. Music till he speaks*)—

King James. Dismiss thy terrors, thou hast nought to fear.—

Yes, fair one, yes, the wand'ring Knight, Fitz-James,
 Is Scotland's King. Yet, did he not assume

A borrow'd name or title to deceive;
 For Stirling's tow'rs the name of Snowdoun owns,
 And Normans long have styled me James Fitz-
 James.

Ellen. Oh, mighty Monarch, might a daughter sue—

King James. Yes, lovely Ellen, Douglas has been wrong'd.

Calmly we heard and judg'd the exile's cause;
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we gladly prize
 The surest friend and bulwark of our throne!
 But, charming Infidel, what clouds thy brow?
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thy wish'd for sight,
 Thou can'st alone confirm this doubting maid!

Enter DOUGLAS.

(Ellen and he rush into each other's arms).

Douglas. Thus lowly bending at our Sovereign's feet,

We pay the willing homage of our hearts.

Ellen. May loyalty repay your princely gift!
 May ev'ry subject's bosom beat with zeal,
 With love, and gratitude, as warm as ours.

King James. Ellen, that little talisman of gold,
 Pledge of Fitz-James' faith, thou still do'st wear.
 What other boon seeks Ellen of her King?

Ellen (irresolute in her request). My Liege,
 that you would gracious pardon give
 To him—who—groans in chains—to—Rod'rick
 —Dhu!

King James. Fruitless thy pray'r, fruitless my
 grace would be!

E'en now a messenger, in woe dispatch'd,
 Brought news that Rod'rick was no more!

Ellen (weeping). Dread Sir,
 Pardon that I should grieve that James' foe
 Is number'd with the dead; but, mighty King,

When courtly friends forsook us, he it was
Who shelter'd Douglas in the trying hour!

King James. I know his heart and hand—have
shar'd his cheer—

And freely would my fairest Earldom give,
To call him back to life ! But speak thy wish,
Hast thou no other captive friend to save ?

(Ellen holds down her head)

Nay then, Fitz-James' pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn Justice holds her turn to reign !

(Mounting the Throne)

Malcolm, come forth !

Enter MALCOLM, who kneels.

For thee, no suppliant sues—
For thee, who nurtur'd underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care with treason to the State,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name, receive
The full reward thy Sov'reign's vengeance claims !
Chains and a Warder for the Græme !

*(The King hastily descends the Throne, takes
off the Chain of Gold that encircles his own
neck, places it round Malcolm's, and
gently drawing him to Ellen, lays the
Clasp in her hand. The Lovers kneel
and thank the King)—*

'Tis thus a Monarch makes his pow'r rever'd,
His person honour'd, and his Throne obey'd ;
When he can say, with Heaven's potential voice,
Arise, sad suffering Virtue, and rejoice.

*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, and the
Curtain falls.*

THE END.

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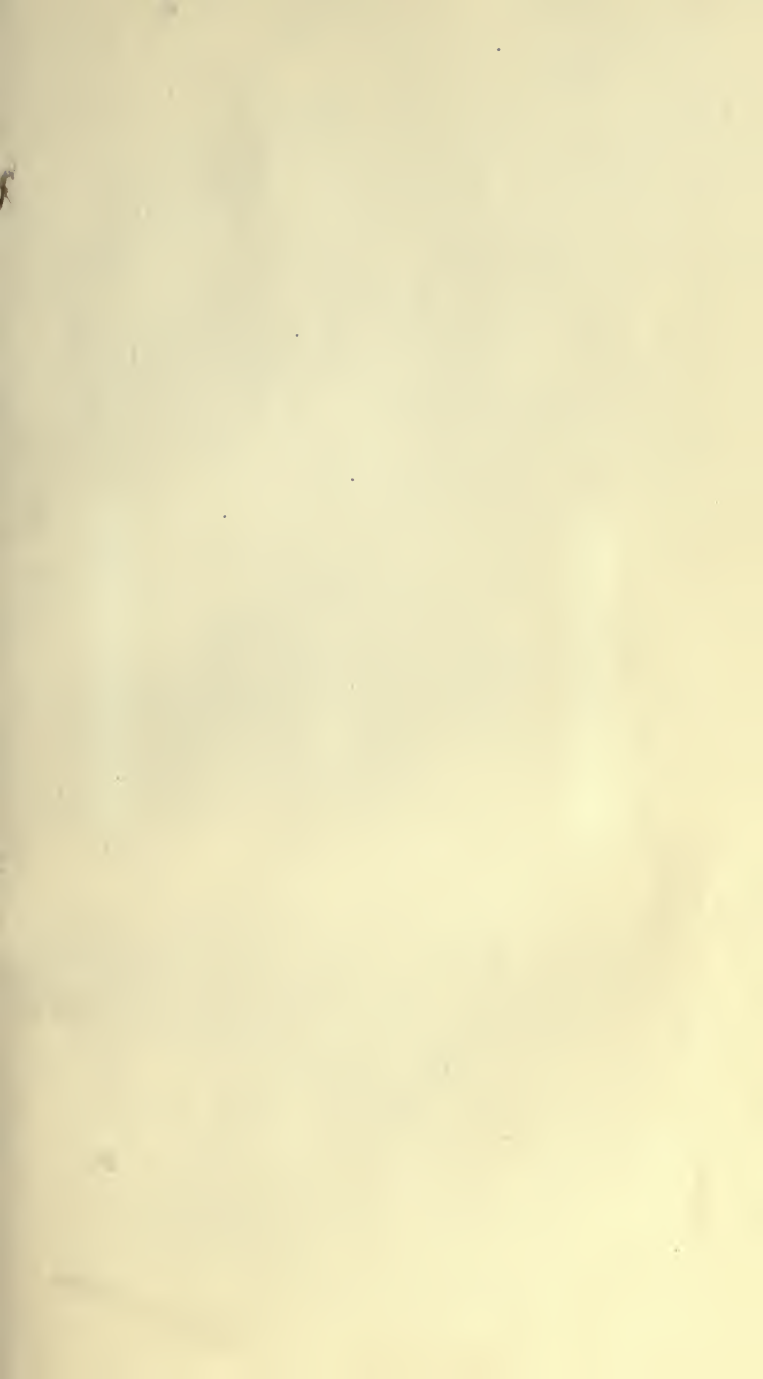
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